"PLAY YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!"

THE VETERAN'S ADVICE TO IN-EXPERIENCED BETTORS.

Don't Let Yourself Be Touted Off at the Racetrack, Where the Regulars Who Attend Dally Are the Ones Who Have a Chance to Beat the Horses.

"The only way to bet on the races satis factorily is to back your own judgment! These were the words of a veteran at the game who sat in the grand stand at Gravesend one day last week and saw an old fellow poring over a list of tips furnished by half a dozen professional touting concerns.

"There is such a thing as too much in formation," the sage continued, "and when one is surfeited with it, look out for big losses! In my time I've seen some youngsters roll up bank accounts by simply playing horses of their own selection They've watched the races, studied form with scrupulous care and, aided by competent stable information, they've succeeded in beating the game good. Then they've bought horses of their own and have been able to clean up more winnings by betting on their own animals. Those fellows can truthfully say that they've beaten the races, and that is why they stick. But where there's one of them there are a hundred of those who've lost their all trying to wipe out the bookmakers on alleged information and worthless tips. It's a tough game to beat!"

The veteran spoke by the card. Thousands of persons who bet on the horses now and then for the fun of the thing cannot beat it in the long run. They do not know the inside of the game and consequently flounder about when it comes to exercising proper judgment. They are ignorant of the rudiments of racing. They know nothing of horses that have won great stakes in years gone by; neither can they tell the relative merits of the best two year-olds, the best three-year-olds and the best aged horses that are running at the present time. So far as the difference in the weights carried, according to the scale are concerned, they have only a smattering of ideas. Their information relative to the actual condition of horses depends on what they read in the newspaper tipster's columns. This is about the sum and substance of the basis upon which these thousands of racing enthusiasts operate when they think they can beat the horses. A comparatively small percentage rely upon the tipsters whose alleged information is sold outside the track gates. This line of action is the cause of no end of trouble, for half of the tipsters are incompetent and their advice is worthless. But they care nothing so long as the public pays for the tips.

How many men and women go to the track every day, ignorant of the programme's makeup, and ask the familiar question, "Who's the favorite?" How many of them refuse to play the favorite, regardless of the fact that he may be a false choice, hung out as bait by the wary layers in the ring? How much really valuable information do these casual visitors to the track pick up?

"This lady told me to play Oom Paul because she has a friend who owns horses and he told her that Oom couldn't lose,' said a woman to her escort the other day But that was a good tip and came from a race track regular. Getting down to rockbottom now, it is only the regular who stands a chance of beating the game. The regular, both male and female, is what might be termed the bulwark of the sport, although perhaps that might be stretching The regular never misses a day at the track, oftentmes going to San Francisco in the winter or to New Orleans in order to continue at the old stand. Whether it is raining or clear, warm or cold, the regular is on hand. In fact, the regular becomes a student of racing, hence a person who stands an excellent chance to beat the horses. Men and women there are who never miss a day at the racetrack. They bet liberally and they bet with good judg-ment. So long have they been at the game that they have formed a circle of valuable acquaintances from whom they seldom

acquantances from whom they seidom fail to get the proper cue when there is something good on the carpet.

Form charts or "dope" books are the weapons with which the regular attacks the books. He becomes, through constant study, an expert as to form. He knows when a horse is "coming" and when a favorite is "going" It is more often the case that the regular has some systematized way in which to make his bets count, such way in which to make his bets count, such way in which to make his bets count, such as playing favorites as far back as the odds make it permissible or confining his bets to second choices for a place. Seldom does he make a wager on long shots unless he has the "goods" handed to him

silver platter. becomes second nature to "dope" th horses as soon as the entry list appears in the evening papers. Then the regular goes home and looks up the fast performances of each horse, compares the con-ditions of the coming race with those of previous events and finally comes to the conclusion that certain horses in each race "have a chance." The regular of long standing picks these horses according to his best judgment, and when he arrives at the track he has his mind firmly made up the track he has his mind firmly made up as to what it is best for him to play. He does not want to be "touted off," something that has probably happened to everybody who has ever put down a bet. In others words the regular who has self-control in the excitement of the betting ring plays according to his own judgment and is much better off in the long run. But even though he may take extra precautions, he runs chances of being "touted" to some other horse. He may see a big plunger bet \$5,000 on a colt who, in the regular's estimation, hasn't a living chance regular's estimation, hasn't a living change

regular's estimation, hasn't a living chance to win. Then he begins to think rapidly.

"Maybe there's something doing here!" he mutters to himself. Another big bettor puts a "plumper" on the same colt, and still another does the same. The regular wavers. He knows these men do not lay down the coin unless they get a peek at the cards first, so he strings along behind and puts his little bet with the others to see the horse that he originally selected gallen horse that he originally selected gallop

home in front.

"If I hadn't been touted off," said a wellknown regular to THE SUN man recently.
"I'd have won \$10,000 with a ten-dollar bill
down at Brighton last year. I went down
there with a ten-case note, and I goes to
King Pepper in the first race, \$20 to \$10. hing Pepper in the first race, \$20 to \$10. The cold win galloping and I goes to Sadducee in the second for the \$30 at 2 to 1. He win in a walk, and I gathers the ninety bucks and puts them on Cameron to win the third race at even money. He comes home on the bitsky! Then there's Watercolor, a 3 to 5 favorite in the fourth race, with All Green second choice at \$15 to 5 and with All Green second choice at 9 to 5 and with All Green second choice at 9 to 5 and two other horses, including Vitellius, at 20 and 6. I t gures Vitellius a place and I peels off \$150 to put on at 6. Just as I geta up in front of George Wheelook's book I stops to think a minute. I haven't seen a soul ail day and I'm going along fine, when all of a sudden who comes along but Tom Mahoney, the well-known handicapper. He's just blown in from the West, where he rolled up enough dough to put Sir Thomas colled up enough dough to put Sir Thomas

rolled up enough dough to put Sir Thomas Lipton out of the tea business.

"Hello, Jack!" says he, "watcher playin'?"

"T've run \$10 up to \$180 in the first three, says I, 'and I likes Vitellius a place in the race. I'm goin' to bet \$150 and nail the rest to the bottom of my trunk so as I can get to New Orleans this winter."

"Well Mahoney looks at me in actorish. get to New Orleans this winter.
"Well, Mahoney looks at me in astonish-

Vitellius a place? Are yer crazy?'

" 'No.' 1 " Well." "No.' I answered, 'not yet.'
"Well,' said he, coldly, 'cinch yer coin and play All Green a place. Watercolor figures the best, but All Green ought to run him to a head. So play All Green

a place. 4 to 5. I'm goin' ter bet \$300 that

"Well. I see a whole lot o' wise ones put-

"Well, I see a whole lot o' wise ones putting it down on All Green a place, so I bebins to waver. I fumbles with the money until I see a couple o' guys laughin' at me, so I ups to Wheelock and bets him \$150 All Green a place, \$120 to \$150. Then I goes up in the stand and bless your heart if Vitellius ain't second to the favorite, with All Green running last. I was the sickest man outside of the hospital and I goes down into the betting ring with the tears rolling down my cheeks. I am mad clean through to the backbone because I picked Vitellius to be second and lose just \$900 more, for to the backbone because I picked vicinity to be second and lose just \$300 more, for it could have been \$900 to \$150 a place. But what makes me worse is that I dopes out Prince of Melbourne to win the fifth at 2 to 1 and Belle of Troy, 3 to 1 for the last, and both win. You see that I might have bet a \$1,000 on the Prince at 2 to 1 and then parleyed the \$3,000 onto the Belle at 3 to 1, which would have made toe like the real thing. Instead of that I goes home with \$1 and my rent gone. And that's what you get for being touted off. Play your own judgment."

And it's pretty sound advice.

WASHINGTON TO FRENCH EYES. Secret Sketch Sent by the Chevaller de la

Luzerne to the French King. A paper by Edmund Lovell Dana on the Chevalier de la Lugerne, for whom Luzerne county, Pa., was named, was published recently by the Wyoming Historical Society. It contains an estimate of the character of Washington which Luzerne intended as a confidential communication to

Mr. Dana's son, while in Paris some years ago, ran across the document in the State archives and by the courtesy of the French Government copied it and sent it to his father, who made it public for the first

Luzerne was the second French Minister sent to this country and was much esteemed by Washington. The following letter gave presumably the Chevalier's real impressions of Washington based on a short-range

study of the subject. PHILADELPHIA, 25 August, 1783. "This is perhaps, Sire, the proper occasion to give you a sketch of the character of Gen. Washington, such as the frequent occasions that I have had to treat with

him permit me to understand it. "This man, whom his country and perhaps posterity, will elevate to the rank of the greatest of heroes, does not appear to me to merit neither so much glory nor so little praise. He received from nature a bodily vigor which temperance and exercise have augmented, and the fatigues of war and

office work have not been able to diminish "He was from birth impetuous and violent and the murder of M. de Jumonville, committed by his orders nearly thirty years ago, proves how little command he had over himself at that time. Reflection and age have moderated his passions, and if his primitive character still gets the better of him sometimes, the public is ignorant of his storms, and only those who live near

him witness them. "Seven years of command have not confirmed the belief that he possesses a great genius for war; but he is a good judge of talents, and he willingly listens to the counsels of men whose experience is known to him. He is, nevertheless, jealous of the glory of execution, and his most intimate confidants have ceased to be such as soon as he was led to believe that the public attributed to them whatever was good in his own conduct.

"He is naturally undecided, and he has been known in critical moments unable to take a resolution and to have allowed himself to be agitated by the contradictory advice of those surrounding him. He loves glory, and, still more, transient ap-

plause and popular favor. *Sometimes to secure the latter he has sacrificed truth, and it was thus that he endeavored to throw back upon the French ny the blame of the delay in the tions which were to bring succor to Virginia

"But these spots were effaced by great qualities. If he has not rapid insight and promptitude, he has at least a healthy judgment, and he foresees with sufficient sagacity, and when he has time for reflection and examination it is rare that

he is mistaken.

*His bravery is worthy of remark, because it is calm and such as should belong to a General, although at the beginning of to a General, although at the beginning of the war it exceeded the limits of prudence. Although General of an army that is scarcely organized, commander of raw soldiers without experience, making war among people who are jealous of their liberty and of their property, as well as miserly in regard to the succor which the war demands, not even the sligh est mur-

mur has ever been raised against him.

Political passions and civil dissensions
have been roused to the highest pitch, but
his character and reputation have preserved him from every attack. Having become the most powerful among his fellow citizens he has shown himself to be the most obedient subject and the most faithful to the orders of his superiors. * *

"If those who have known him inti-

mately deny him all these rare and precious qualities which constitute a great man, they qualities which constitute a great man, they cannot, however, deny that it would be difficult to unite in a more eminent degree the most of those qualities which should belong to his position and which were necessary for conducting the Revolution to a happy end."

The so-called "murder of M. de Jumon-ville" occurred in May, 1754, and M. de Jumonville with nine others, had the misfortune to be killed because Washington surprised them near Fort Necessity when they were on their way to attack him. Wash-

surprised them near Fort Necessity when they were on their way to attack him. Wash-ington then was a Lieutenant-Colonel and in command of an expedition ordered by Gov. Dinwiddle to drive the French and Indians away from the Ohio River. Jumonville commanded a counter French expedition and was "murdered" just as any other person is murdered who is killed

any other person is murdered who is killed on the field of battle in time of war. In addition to killing ten of the enemy Wash-

ington took twenty-two prisoners.

Luzerne is equally inaccurate in his charge that Washington endeavored to throw on the French the blame for delay, in getting away from Newport to Virginia So far from that being the case Washington endeavored in every way to heal the irri-tation between the French and American fficers because of that delay.

NOT DRY READING ALWAYS. Circumstances in Which the Dictionary Was Found Interesting.

*Whether a book is interesting to a man or not," said a grizzled old sailor who was sitting on a string-piece at the end of a wharf in South street and looking contemplatively out over the busy life of the | Hiram Gordon. East River, "depends, I suppose, a good deal on circumstances.

"The most interesting book I ever read was a dictionary, and I ain't overmuch on that sort of readin', either. But that dictionary was the only book I had to read during sixteen months that I was cast away on a desert island in the South Pacific. "You know what the old lady said about the dictionary; she liked it, only she thought the chapters was pretty short. Well, I

had just no complaint to make of it what-"There was a whole lot of stuff in it that I couldn't understand, but most of it I could, and I found it plumb full of the most unexpected things; things that you never have looked for in a dictionary, and that I never should have learned at all but for

being cast away as I was there, with that my only book.

"I heard a man saying the other day about some book he'd been readin' that it was dry as a dictionary. Humph! Nothing dry about the dictionary to me! That's ing dry about the dictionary to me! That's the most interesting book I ever read."

THE GREAT BEASLEY MYSTERY

A MATTER THAT WILKES-BARRE HAS GONE WILD ABOUT.

There Is a Runaway in the Story. Also White Ram and a Woman Who Wore Bloomers-But Nobody Seems Able to Explain Exactly What It Is About.

"I have been up in Wilkes-Barre," said a man in an uptown hotel the other night, and I have been trying ever since to figure out where I am at. Either I've got 'em or Wilkes-Barre's got 'em I don't know

"What is it? Coal strike?" "No. Beasleys."

"Beasleys?" "Yes, Beasleys. My head is buzzing with Beasleys.

"It began in the Westmoreland Club, where I went with a friend one day. We found three gentlemen seated at a table and engaged in a very animated discussion. One of them was J. Ridgway Wright and the others were Col. C. Bow Dougherty and Arthur Hillman-all men of solid standing in the community.

"My friend introduced me and we joined

them at the table. " 'We were speaking about Mr. Beasley said Mr. Wright, 'and trying to get straight a rather peculiar chain of circumstances. Maybe you can help us out. Of course you have heard of Mr. Beasley? Hiram Gordon Beasley was his full name.

" 'Payson,' interrupted Mr. Hillman, Hiram Payson Beasley was the name, Ridgway. 'Pardon me, Arthur,' replied Mr. Wright firmly, but you are mistaken. Hiram

Beasley was quite another man. Not that there was anything wrong with Hiram Payson. Quite the contrary, but -" 'Married a Munson,' interrupted Col Dougherty.

" 'Not Hiram Payson, Colonel,' said Mr Wright. 'It was Hiram Gordon Beasley who married a Munson-Araminta Munson vas her name. "The Munsons were a Connecticut family.

You know, sir,' said Mr. Wright turning to me, 'that the early settlers in the Wyoming Valley came from Connecticut. Miss Munson was born I think, in 1830 or 1832. She was a very estimable woman. " 'Her mother also was much esteemed

Alvina was the mother's name. Her maiden name was Doolittle. She was a good Christian woman and quite stout. The Doolittles were all of rather full habit florid and full.

" 'I never heard that before,' said Mr Hillman a little tartly, I thought. 'Nathaniel was the only Doolittle I ever heard of being full and you know how that happened, Ridgway, just as well as I do, so I don't think it's fair to say an entire respectable family were in the habit of getting full."

" 'I don't know, Arthur,' said Mr. Wright kindly, 'whether you are trying to be facetious or whether it's just your ordinary confused state of mind. I said the Dooittles were of full, stout habit; not in the habit of getting full.

" 'Well, what I want to get clear in my mind,' said Col. Dougherty, 'is how Beasley's ram had anything to do with the runaway "You are impetuous, Colonel,' said Mr. Wright, 'I was coming around to that in ue time as you will see.

"Mr. Beasley did have a ram. It was a white ram Now there was something very peculiar about that ram. You know now it is with bulls-how they will dash at anything red. Well, as red is to a bull, white was to Mr. Beasley's ram.

" 'Mr. Beasley's fences and the trunks of his trees were whitewashed when he got that rain and he had to paint them all a different color because the ram butted hem right and left. He was an elderly ram at that. Yet he nearly caved in his head butting white trees and fences. Ruggles was the ram's name."

" 'Nathaniel Doolittle never drank a frop in his life, interrupted Mr. Hillman, until he had that trouble, and you know Ridgway. And even then when he id get drunk he went around singing ymns. He thought he was the Salvation

" 'But it all came from his family troubles Mrs. Doolittle took to wearing bloomers and she was a changed woman from that lay. Nathaniel sang in the choir.'

"In either the fall of 1849 or the spring of 1850,' continued Mr. Wright, severely ignoring Mr. Hillman's interruption, 'Hiram

ordon Beasley-" 'Payson,' interrupted Mr. Hillman, Hiram Payson Beasley." "'Hiram Gordon Beasley, I say,' con-

inued Mr. Wright, not heeding Mr. Hillman's interruption " 'Married a Munson,' interjected Col

Dougherty.
" 'Came into this valley from Cattaraugus county, New York. I think it was Cattaraugus county. It may have been

Wayne, but no matter---"Well," continued the man back from Wilkes-Barre, "that's the way the thing began. Mr. Wright went on and on and I kept getting into it thicker and thicker. There was something about a runaway

n it and then it involved some kind of mines up in New Hampshire; the discovery of coal in the Wyoming valley; wrangles over the pedigrees of the Beasleys, the Munsons and the Doolittles and the Lord

"At first I was all in a fog-bewildered Then I though it was just a pleasant way of stringing a stranger. But the string was all over town.

"It was in the newspapers. You heard Beasleys on the street cars and in the streets. When you saw men talking excitedly on he streets you knew it was about the

"I got out of the town at last and thought I was clear of the Beasleys. But on the train I'm blessed if I didn't hear two men at it hammer and tongs, with the old white ram, and Hiram Payson and Hiram Gordon and the Doolittles and the Munsons and the

whole tribe. "I had to go over to Shenandosh and as I walked up from the station I heard two of the National Guard officers, members of Gen. Gobin's staff, I think, talking Beas ley and wrangling about Hiram Payson and

"Then there came to Wilkes-Barre private letter from Nantucket saying that a body cast up by the sea there was supposed to be that or Hiram Gordon Beasley It was a lie, of course, but that set the infernal Beasley din off afresh.

"Now suppose that that Hiram Payson, or Gordon, or Munson, or whatever his name was, Beasley did come from Cattaraugus county in 1849, and did have a runaway and did have a white ram and did marry Munson; and suppose Nathaniel Doolittle's wife did wear bloomers, and Nathaniel did take to drink, and suppose the whole business, in a word-why, then, what about it? What were all the people up there getting so worked up over it for?

"So for as I know there isn't a Beasley in all Wilkes-Barre. If there are any they are the only persons to my knowledge who are not mixed up in the Beasley con-

That's what befogged me. So I went to WOMEN WHO ARE FARMHANDS. him to untangle the Beasley snarl for me Tom is a level-headed chap with lots of horsesense. I knew if there was a man in town who could be comparatively sane on the Beasleys, he was the man.

asked Tom as an act of charity to help me out. " 'Why, it's this way,' said Tom. 'Hiram

Gordon Beasley-some call him Hiram Payson Beasley, but they're away off there; Hiram Gordon was the name. Hiram Payson Beasley was another man entirely Possibly he may have been of the same family as Hiram Gordon, a distant relative, you know. But I am not even sure of that. But no matter. At any rate, in the

fall of 1849 Hiram Gordon Beasley-" 'Yes, I know all that-married a Munson.' I said. 'I've heard that until my head's whirling with it-the Munsons and the white ram and the lunatic tribe of Doo-

" 'Not Doolittle,' Tom broke in: 'Reifsnider. That's where they all go wrong and get mixed up.

" 'Reifsnider was the name-an old Pennsylvania Dutch family. The Doolittles came from Connecticut. This valley was settled by people from Connecticut, you know. The massacre-

"Here was where I quit. He followed me block up the street talking Beasley sixteen to the dozen all the way.

"Well, it was clear that with me it was a case of a padded cell or get out of that Beasley territory. My head is humming with Beasleys yet. What's the matter with them up there, anyway? Go up there and find out, if you want to. I'm through. And if anybody says Beasley to me again there'll be a fight."

UMBREILA HANDLES.

Thousands of Styles Kept in Stock-Many Materials Used in Them.

"Umbrella handles," said an umbrella nan, "are made nowadays in thousands of styles, and great numbers of new styles are produced annually to keep stocks fresh, varied and up to date.

"They are made of a very great variety of materials; of wood in many sorts, cheap and costly; of gold, silver, ivory, rubber, paper, celluloid, bone, horn, porcelain, and of many fine and beautiful mineral substances, such as agates. Handles are made also in these days of variously named compositions, in imitation of precious and emi-precious stones.

"There have been made umbrella handles of papier maché in imitation of wood, and remarkably good imitations of buckhorn handles are made of paper pulp. pressed in moulds, such handles costing nuch less, of course, than those of genuine buckhorn.

"Any two or more of these various ma erials may be used in combination; such handle in its most simple form, for instance, being of wood with a silver mountng. You might have a handle of onyx and gold; and so on indefinitely.

"The stock of handles to be seen in any arge manufacturing establishment would be found almost bewildering in its extent and variety, and it would be found also o centain a great many objects of beauty. The fact is that the sample stock of handles of a big umbrella manufacturer makes really marvellous display.

"Who invents all the new styles of handle annually produced? Well, there are some that, as you might say, invent themselves, that are suggested by some fad or fashion of the hour, as in the case of the handles in the form of golf sticks. And then, of course, umbrella manufacturers are constantly designing new handles in the endeavor to produce good sellers, as one handle or another may distinctly be.

"Horn umbrella handles come ch from Austria; fine, fancy, ornamented handles come from France or Germany, the finest of them from Paris; though most artistic and beautifully designed um-brella handles of silver are now produced

in this country.

Of all the umbrella handles used in this country in the manufacture of um-brellas, taken together, the greater number are made here, and the proportion of American handles used is increasing. On the other hand, the handles imported preponderate in value, though the relative value of the American handles produced is, like their proportionate number, all the time increasing."

CURIOS TIES OF DIVORCE. 30,000 More Divorced Women Than Men.

According to Official Figures. There are 30,000 more divorced women than there are divorced men in the United States, the official figures being 84,000 divorced men and 114,000 divorced women. The disparity is accounted for by the fact that men procuring divorces or from whom divorces have been procured more often remarry than the women under like

conditions. The number of divorced men is largest in Indiana, which has 5,700. There are more than 4,000 each in California, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. Texas has 3,500 and Massachu-

setts 2,500. South Carolina, the only State which has o law authorizing or permitting divorces, has 275 divorced men among its residents, and South Dakota, a State which has become noted by reason of the facility with which divorce is granted, has 563.

New Jersey has, proportionately, a very small number, 750, and Kansas, a much smaller State in population, a much larger number, 2,165.

In Utah, where plural marriages were the rule among the Mormons until recent years, the number of divorced persons is 335, a little below the average, and Idaho, with about half the population of Utah and considerable proportion of Mormons, has

The State in which there is the larges number of divorced women (divorced and not remarried) is Ohio, with 7,700; Illinois has 7,600 and Texas 5,800.

After Texas comes New York and then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts and California. All these have more than 4,000 each.

In some of the Southern States, Alabama, Cart

Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and Tennessee among them, the number of divorced women is twice as large as the number of divorced men. In Alaska there are more divorced women

than divorced men; in Hawaii there are more divorced men than divorced women. "No gotta no monna todaya," they screan Indiana, with a population 300,000 less than Massachusetts, has 12,000 divorced persons, and Massachusetts has 6,000.

The Biggest Sea Raft Yet. From the San Francisco Chronicle

The largest log raft ever constructed i and may reach the harbor to-morrow. It is 700 feet in length and 50 feet wide, and draws twenty-two and a half feet of water. In the monster craft, owned by the Hammond Lumber Company, are 600,000 feet of piling, or about 8,000,000 feet of piling, or about 8,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure, bound together by 120 tons of huge chain manufactured specially for the purpose at Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon, Pa.

The great raft was put together at Stella Wash, on the Columbia River, and was towed down the Columbia and to the sea by the steamer Arctic, assisted by the tug Spencer on the afternoon of Sept 2. In addition to her task of towing the raft, the Arctic is ladened with 210,000 feet of lumber, with 200

HUNDREDS OF THEM WORKING IN NEW YORK CITY FIELDS.

Thousands More Employed in Nearby Districts-Long Island Their Great Field Old World Scenes Hereabouts-450,-

he wants them, there is less trouble.

Across Long Island Sound, in Connecticut, a busy time for women farmhands comes with the corn harvest. Italian women are engaged for the husking, and no one who has seen a group of them surround a cart loaded with corn, pushing and pulling it to the barn, will doubt their canacity. 000 Women Farmhands in America. To an American in Europe it seems strange o see women at work in the fields. He hinks it a sign of superior civilization that in the United States women do not

commonly till the crops. Yet within the limits of the city from which he probably sailed hundreds of women brought up to it as they were from children.
They are used mainly on the light crops,
and they look healthy.
The French women, of whom there are
many around Woodhaven, chat at their are to-day employed as farm laborers, and within a few miles of New York may be found more than 3,000 women farmers and

In fact, if the returned tourist were to explore the country roads to the south of Jamaica, which is a part of New York city, he might almost think himself back in Austria or Itlay, so gay are head kerchiefs and the cotton dresses of the small, brown-skinned, bright-eyed women who are everywhere busy in the flat, level fields. Toward evening, when the sun is setting

farmhands.

the distance the spire of a little Italian church, the tourist might see before him many a scene suggestive of Millet's "Angelus." The woman with the hoe is as common as she is picturesque in the landscape. Crowded in the tenements of Jamaica

behind the trees of Woodhaven, gilding in

live at least 1,000 women who are employed more or less steadily on the surrounding truck farms. Here is another foreign touch for the traveller.

In former days the European peasant was a village dweller for the sake of security, going out in the morning to work in perhaps distant fields. The habit, thus established, has lived and has been transplanted, and, joined with convenience and the social instinct, it explains why there are huddled in Hicksville, Mineola, Woodhaven, and especially in Jamaica, the Poles, Bohemians, French, Italians and Slovaks whose work on the Long Island farms may be miles away.

Long Island's women farmhands are mainly Poles from Russian Poland. They work for American, Irish and German truck farmers, who hire them by the day.

In harvest time, when a farmer needs woman laborers, he lavs in a stock of onedollar bills and gives instructions to one of his men. The man stops the first Pole he meets and points to a field. Few Poles speak English, but the sign

s enough. The man's work is done. The next morning at the farm gate there may be fifteen women waiting. The farmer who lives at a distance from the village uses a different method. Harnessing a big hay cart, he drives to town,

halts, beckons to a group of women in the street, waits until twenty or more have scrambled in and then drives off with them His of ject is to prevent the straying away of his heip and to make sure of the number wanted; but in the dewy freshness of the early morning the wagonloads of laughing girls look less like laborers than picnic

or harvesting crops that are picked by hand, such as green peas, string beans ma beans and tomatoes, for bunching rhubarb and for weeding tender crops ike onions and young carrots, that cannot stand the cultivator. In planting time and in June and Sepember, when the first and second crops

Women are employed for planting onions

peas are gathered, the outflocking of nen is sudden. One may see as many as fifty at work in a plot of a few acres where the day before there was not one. "They say labor's scarce in the West, said one farmer; "it's plenty here. Whistle and you'll see a dozen women comin'.'

In June when green peas must be rushed o market and every day's delay means monetary loss, the larger farmers need all he help they can get, so even women with babies are set picking.

Up and down the fields, between long, straight, green rows of vines, stand baby

carriages, covered with mosquito netting. While the mothers work, the babies sleep or kick in the sunshine.

or kick in the sunshine.

As soon as children are old enough they too, are called into service, and at noon, when work stops and the luncheon of rye bread, cheese and onions is eaten, the scene is festive. Groups gather by families under trees or shelters thatched with green boughs. Sometimes, among Italian or French laborers, there is singing.

The wages received by women farm hands are better than might be supposed. For filling a two-bushel bag of peas a picker gets 25 cents; for beans half as much. At these rates a good hand earns \$1.50 a day.

One reason for the comparatively high

One reason for the comparatively high earnings is curious; the old two-bushel bag has shrunk gradually in size until now it holds only a bushel and a half. The farmers have tried to substitute the bushel as the unit of measure, but the women object, and bag measure is still customary.

To insure industry the farmers, when possible, pay by quantity. Some have even tried to pay for weeding by the row, but, as rows in different fields are of differ-

ent lengths, pay by time is more conven-Even when hiring by the week the farm-ers pay their help daily. Every afternoon the farmer appears in the fields carrying a leather bag filled with silver or one-dollar

leather bag fifled with silver or one-dollar bills, and the women, rm in line to receive their earnings. The farmer says he takes this trouble because he cannot tell the women apart, and if he waited until Saturday night there might be endless confusion in his payrolls.

At pea picking and hand weeding one sometimes sees Polish men working side by side with women, but not usually. The male laborer drives the cultivator, or is told off for heavy work.

off for heavy work.

Indeed, the Polish man is less apt than his wife to be a farm hand. He digs cellars or sewers and works on roads and railroads.
When he is employed on the farm he is usually a hand hired by the year and given, when help is scarce, to bringing forward his wife and daughters to eke out the familia in the scarce.

ily income. Flocking in village tenements, the Long Island Poles remain as old-world in habits as they might in a New York quarter. They speak little English. The women wear head 'kerchiefs, black sometimes, as often white

or red.

Some wear hoods, many work bare-headed.
They wear short, full cotton skirts and big aprons. Many work bare-footed.

They are not easy subjects for the wandering photographer. Sometimes they run from the "devil in the box;" sometimes they are afraid of being victims of some soberne.

at sight of the camera.

Even a bit of silver dropped in each hand needs a minute to teach them that money

Even a bit of silver dropped in each hand needs a minute to teach them that money for once is passing in a pleasant direction. Then what a change from suspicion. Down on the grass they fling themselves, laughing, chattering, pulling their aprons, watching as eagerly as children.

By 30 clock in the afternoon, when market wagons start for the city, pea-picking stops. This gives the women time for fagot-gathering.

Some land owners pay their help partly by giving them the run of a wood lot. By 5 o'clock, through the country lanes the women are moving village-ward, wheeling fagots in a barrow, carrying them in upturned aprons or bundled upon their heads, iust as their mothers in Europe have done for centuries.

At every turn one feels the foreign touch—in the women washing at the brooksides; in Sunday groups of holiday-seekers shooting sparrows.

Few Poles own land, and so in mid-

summer, when weeding grows slack and the late picking crops are not ripe, troops of women move from famr to farm, begging

work. Every English-speaking farmer is to them a boss or "bosso" while the farmer's son and brothers are distinguished as "Bosso Jim" or "Bosso Pete."

If Bosso Pete needs no help, he finds it

hard to make the women understand; they know no English. If, on the other hand, he wants them, there is less trouble.

work may seem to many unde

The other foreigners are less viva-They are slow of motion and en-

The farmers say that a Polish woman

high but the land is valuable and he is

The German, who came before the Italian

usually owns the land he works, from ten to twenty acres. His wife works by his side. She may even run a plough; but she never is employed on another man's

As time goes on and the family holdings increase, she is relieved from outdoor work, and her daughters are brought up with all the advantages that prosperity

can offer.
Before the German came the Irishman

He has long been among the wealth1-st of Long Island farmers. New-comers in America are moving

New-comers in America are moving along the road over which the older settlers have travelled. In colonial times the pioneer had only his family to depend upon. Outside help was unattainable.

So to the man's lot fell the clearing of

land, building and pleughing, while women were glad to help with hoeing, haying and harvesting. In the West to-day, in regions where to some extent ploneer conditions prevail, women often do light

field work in harvesting time, such as driving the horse rake. So in the Northwest, among the Russian

and Scandinavian settlers, pioneer con-ditions and inherited habit have made of

women an important element in farm

Sometimes it happens that even long residence in the older States of America does not wean women from outdoor work.

This is the case in Pennsylvania, where

These and other groups of women farm-hands, added to the Mexican fruit pickers

The Church Celling Fell When the New

Organ Let Go With Tannhaeuser.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wagnerian music, played for the first

the plastering in the house of worship, and large sections of it fell, Saturday afternoon.

early suffocating the pastor, the Rev. G.

W. Shepherd, who happened to be in the

ouilding at the time in company with a friend.

The pipe organ is an immense one, being the gift of Mrs. Lucia I. Priest in memory of her husband. It was completed six months

ago at a cost of \$5,000, and is one of the largest and finest instruments of its kind in southern

In a sense, it has been the pride of the town

of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis,

visited Alton for the purpose of giving a

the new organ and tested it thoroughly. In the course of his recital he played the over-

ture from Wagner's "Tannhauser" and several other selections calling for the loudest,

heaviest tones of the organ. The audience, which had heard the organ only in ordinary

use, sat spell-bound as the huge instrument bellowed and thundered, and one man re-

marked to his next neighbor that it seemed

to him almost as if the walls of the building

trembled. In the midst of the recital those

present say they heard some unusual noise

but, associating it with the music, they paid no particular attention to it.

On Saturday afternoon the Rev. Mr. Shepherd was talking with a friend, Mr. W. D. Curtis, in the pastor's study, which adjoins the main auditorium of the church. The conversation, according to Mr. Shepherd, had turned on the subject of heaven, and they were discussing the probable character of the celestial city, with its manifold delights when the plastering from a large section of the ceiling came tumbling down upon them. Both men were nearly choked by the lime and cement, which covered them from head to foot, and for a moment each feared the other was seriously injured. Examination, however, revealed that the damage was confined principally to their clothing, and, aside from a bad fright, neither genticmen was hort.

INGENIOUS FLIMFLAM.

Scheme That Has Puzzled Even the Up-

to-Date Barkeeper.

From the New Orleans Times-Democra-

"The thing in the way of flim-flam now,

and the real thing," said an old detective,
"is away ahead of any of the old tricks I know

anything about. It has been worked but once in New Orleans, as far as I know, and if

do not know anything about it. The business of finding a pocketbook, 'springing the pigeon,' as it is called; the lock trick, which,

y the way, is one of the smoothest of the

whole list and all the others are cheap and clumsy in comparison with the clever scheme

that was worked on a downtown barkeeper a few evenings ago. It shows one thing, and

effort to keep the wolf away. The new flim-

flam scheme is wonderfully simple and is worked with paper money. A \$1 and a \$5

bill are needed. Of course, bills of higher denomination could be used, but the two men

who worked the trick here used the bills of the first denomination—a \$1 and a \$5 bill. It

is worked in this way: One of the men will write in thin lettering on the back of the \$5

bill what is supposed to be a list of his laundry. For instance, in this way: One shirt, 2 collars,

when there is a rush on in order to further

pairs of cuffs. He will go into a

has ever been worked in any other

labor is common among women.

does nearly a man's work, and does it as

sirable for women, yet it is the task at which these women can best support themselves

cious.

and patient.

making money.

REQUESTS MADE TO TEACHERS ABOUT THEIR PUPILS.

One Asked to Make a Lazy Boy Get Up Early-Punishment for a Cigarette Smoker-A Policeman's Cure for a Dull

Boy-The Crusade for Cleanliness. "The teaching and management of the children are easy enough, but the pupils' parents are by no means easy," said a teacher in one of the Harlem public schools. "They visit the teachers with the most unreasonable complaints. Probably a dozen mothers of boys in my class seem to imagine that I have taken the

youngster to raise. "The mother of a boy who is a confirmed laggard-he rarely creeps along to school until the morning session is half an hour old-came to me the other afternoon with a long face after she had been repeatedly

notified of the boy's dilatoriness " 'I can't get Jim out o' bed o' mornin's, she told me, ruefully. 'Can't you do some-

easily. Her movements are not jerky, like an American woman's, but steady thing with him?" It is only the Pole, the newest immi-" 'James's is a case in which a little physigrant to Long Island, that has no land. The Italian, who came a little earlier, may lease from four to seven acres, paying

cal suasion might prove effectual, I suggested. from \$150 to \$250 a year, and having the right of fagot-gathering in the large farmer's wood lot. The rate of his lease

"'Oh, no, nobody can sway Jim,' she eplied, hurriedly. 'Jim's too pig-headed. And I'm not strong enough to whip him, and his pa's a fireman on the railroad and way most of the time.'

" 'Well,' said I, perhaps a bit impatiently. T'm sure I don't know what I can do about James. It would be both impracticable and inconvenient for me to call at your home at 7:39 o'clock every morning and pull him out of bed, wouldn't it? "She by no means repudiated this suggestion, and it actually seemed plain from her manner that she rather thought it would

be a pretty good scheme for me to devote an hour or so each morning to the job of separating her offspring from his bed. "Very many of the mothers think that teachers should devote particular attention to their young ones.

"'Tommy don't seem to be learnin' nothin', one of them complained dismally to me the other day. 'My little girl, that's a year younger'n Tommy, knows fractures

twict as well as Tommy-she kin a 'most de 'em on her fingers.'
" 'Well,' said I, mildly, 'Thomas assuredly has every opportunity to learn fractions, but his application is not what it should

be."
"Well, th' hull long an' short of it, Miss,
is this: Tommy's thick,' she said. He
takes after his pa. His pa's th' thickest takes after his pa. His pa's th' thickest man I ever see w'en it comes to figgerin' an' things like them. I wisht you'd give Tommy a little extry teachin'. I could make him take his lunch to school with him, an' you could give him some extry teachin' durin' th' noon hour, couldn't

among descendants of the Hessians and Moravians of Revolutionary days field "She looked quite cross when I told her "She looked quite cross when I told her that my health required that I leave the school during the noon hour for a breath of air and a hot luncheon.

"That interview came to an unsatisfactory close, too, with Thomas's mother convinced, I am sure, that I possessed but few of the requirements for the teacher's vector. of California and to negro laborers in the South, make up in the United States an unexpected total of 450,000 women farm

"The views of some of these mothers as to the teacher's duty in correcting the out-of-school practices and tendencies of their young ones used to be entertaining, but I don't find them so any more. One of the NOT BUILT FOR WAGNER MUSIC. brightest lads in my class is an exceedingly tough little customer, whose fingers have been discolored with cigarette smoke ever since I had him, and who always exhales an aroma of stale cigarettes. His mother came to me in a great state of excitement time on the new pipe organ in the First Meth-odist Church at Alton, proved too much for

the other afternoon.
"'My Jakey smokes cigarettes!' she exclaimed, breathlessly.

"I know that, I replied. 'He has been smoking cigarettes for a long time. I never saw him smoking them, but his hands are stained with them and he always smells An' I never knowed a word of it till

yistiddy! panted Jacob's mother, ex-citedly. W'y didn't you never tell me? W'y didn't you hammer th' daylights out Illinois. Since its installation it has been greatly admired, not only by music lovers. him?'
"'Because,' said I, 'corporal punishment out by the unmusical as well, by reason of its large proportions and powerful tones. is forbidden in the public be purished at home for such a practice.'
"I got no time to beat him,' she retorted. 'I am too busy takin' care o' th'
others. I'd like t' know what schools is The full power of the big organ was never tested, however, until Friday evening of last week, when Edwin Vaile McIntyre, organist

fur if they ain't fur t'emake young ones behave theirselves.' recital. Mr. McIntyre was delighted with "Those very mothers of pupils who are the most willing to shift to the teachers the responsibility of 'poundin' th' daylights' out of their refractory sons are the first ones to make a sad uproar when they are

falsely informed by prevaricating young ones that their children have been punished at school. "Not long ago the mother of one of my incorrigibles—she had frequently upbraided me severely for not chastising the youngster at school—brought the boy to me just be-fore the beginning of the morning session. The boy had a black eye, and he

ing and whimpering when his mother dragged him before me.

"What d'ye mean by hittin' my bov in th' eye with a slate?" was the amazing question that she put to me and her attitude was so menacing that I really feared she was going to pull my hair and scratch my face. my face.
"I was so overwhelmed with astonish

ment that I couldn't speak for a moment, but a boy in one of the rear seats near the door who was listening to the conversa-tion got up and came over to me and asked

tion got up and came over to me and asked permission to speak. I nodded permission, and the boy said:

"I saw that kid get the bum lamp yeaterday afternoon. He swiped a peach of a dago's eart, and the dago threw a peach at him and caught him on the eye with it."

"The mother of the prevaricating youngster with the discolored eye was reluctant to believe that I had not inflicted the damage upon him 'with a slate,' as he had ingeniously told her, and she went away mutously told her, and she went away mut-

ously told her, and she went away muttering.

"The crusade for a greater degree of
cleanliness among the public school pupils
is the cause of many hard words being
directed at teachers by mothers of young
ones who are sent home to be tidled up.
No matter how unscrubbed and how generally untidy the young one who is thus
sent home may be, the mother of such a
one invariably takes his sending home to be
cleaned as a mortal insult, and the sense of
injury of such mothers is made the more
acute by the fletitious tales which their
uncared-for young ones carry home on
such occasions.

a few evenings ago. It shows one thing, and that is that the criminal classes are quite as active mentally and otherwise as men who are engaged in the decent callings of life. They are probably more active mentally than the men who are ground into narrow grooves because of ceaseless toiling in an effort to keep the wolf away. The new fliming the sum of the other boys in the control of the cont

in my class.

"This boy is exceedingly well-mannered and tractable, but he is simply not bright: I might almost say that he is stupid. It has been out of the question to promote him, and so, as I say, I have had him with me for so long that the other teachers ickingly. for so long that the other teachers jokingly accused me of being engaged in training him with the idea of marrying him later

on.
"This boy's father, who is a Harlem police man, called upon me the other evening.
"'What's th' matter wit' that mur',
anyway, mum?' was the astonishing way

he opened the conversation.

"I told the policeman that I thought he son was backward because of a rather slow development which rendered it difficult for

him to learn rapidly.

"Well, I dunno what it is, said the policeman, rubbing his chin reflectively, but I cert'nly have tried t' dis-sip-pline that lummox, with a strong accent on the second syllable of 'discipline'. Why, on y las' week I kicked him all th' way downstairs because w'en I asked him t' tote up a colyum o' fiergers f'r me it tuk him about colyum o' figgers I'r me it tuk him about four hours I' do it. Kicked him all th way downstairs. I did, and yet it didn't seem t' do him no good!"
"Of course, I didn't presume to questi

the expediency of the policeman's method attempting to accelerate his son's acquisition of knowledge, but it struck me that kicking a boy downstairs was an original way of trying to polish up his mind."